



# Cursed Waiting (Literally Cursed)



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## Chapter 1 by Cora Aquila

Every day she would wake up, rearrange her decaying straps of cloth, shift a little to try and make herself comfortable (which she never managed to), and wait.

Waiting, of course, took the whole of her days. Meanwhile, her thoughts drifted. Wherever I they took her, she would always come back to one recollection. She dreamed of this memory again and again. It was the feeling of fresh air against her face, her closed eyelids, ruffling her hair. Remembering it gave her the strength to keep on waiting.

She'd give up anything to feel it again. No, scratch that, she'd do anything, everything to breathe it again. Or to simply be able to breathe. For her sarcophagus was too tight and she was a bit claustrophobic.

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